

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. 3. NO. 39.

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1905

\$2.00 PER YEAR

Department Store

WRANGELL ALASKA

Groceries, Hardware, Tinware,
Glass, Chinaware, Dry Goods,
Boots, Shoes and Slippers
Logging and Hunting Outfits a Specialty

WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS

F. W. CARLYON

U. S. MAIL STEAMER
Peerless

Carrying Mail, Passengers and Freight, will leave

→ WRANGELL ←

For Woodsky and west coast Prince
of Wales Points

Close connection with Steamer "Spray" for Copper Mountain,
Sulzer and all points on the lower end of the island.

Monday of each week at 6 A. M.

For particulars, call on

CYRUS F. ORR Master



Judge Bitterly Scores Men.

What became of the \$300 that William Deppe had on his person when he was shot by Robert Ball on January 2, in his cabin at Fox Island?

That was what Judge Arthur E. Frater wanted to know, and insisted on knowing Thursday morning when L. S. Lemon, backed up by Allen Wier, Judge Harper and a number of others whose names are prominently connected with the "Great American Marble Co.," petitioned that he be appointed administrator of the Deppe estate.

After much roundabout explanation and hesitancy, it was admitted by several witnesses that the money, after part of it had been expended to bury the dead man, had been taken by the officers of the Great American Marble Company and used to defray its expenses, on the ground that it was believed to be a part of some funds belonging to that company.

Early in the hearing the court picked up a suspicious car and presently was asked the attorneys and took the witnesses in hand himself. It took Judge Frater about three minutes to frustrate the palpably cut and dried plans of the marble stock men. Under his searching questions Lemon admitted that only a few months ago he had been a partner in the concern, that he had held and he asked to turn over to F. F. Evans, special administrator, certain personal effects of the dead man, that the only ground upon which he could ask for the appointment was that a petition, framed up in Seattle and sent east for the signature of the heirs, recommended him.

"That is enough," said Judge Frater, with emphasis. "This court wants to see this thing straightened out right. There are to be no kinks in the settlement of this estate. The court will not appoint Mr. Lemon. The court believes that a person entirely outside all these marble interests should have charge of the dead man's property. The court will appoint R. A. Wright. He holds no marble stock, and he is as square as a die."

F. F. Evans, who had been appointed special administrator, reported that the Deppe estate consisted of a big block of the marble stock, some clouded land rights in Pennsylvania, and some oil stock, probably aggregating several thousand dollars. Then he asked for such compensation as the court might allow for his services.

"Well, Mr. Evans," said Judge Frater. "I don't see how I can compensate you. If this marble company had added a few more ciphers to its \$70,000,000 capitalization, I might allow you a million or so."

In fixing the bonds of the new administrator, the court took another shot at the marble company.

"I will fix Mr. Wright's bond at \$300," said he, "because the stock involved is only worth \$14,000,000. Now, if it were worth \$15,000,000, then I should have to require a \$500 bond."

Smelter Was Blown In.

The new smelter at Copper Mountain is now running at full blast, and is handling over 250 tons of ore daily. This smelter has been constructed by the Alaska Copper company, which has extremely rich mineral resources.

The power used in the smelter is created by Pelton waterwheels of 600 horse power. The water is taken from Lake Mellen in the hills back of Copper Mountain and is exhausted.

The company has 30,000 tons of ore in the bins ready for the smelter, and a large force of men are getting out ore from the mines sufficient to keep the smelter going.

From the time the ore leaves the mine until it reaches the hearth of the smelter it is handled by gravity. A railroad fourteen hundred feet long transports the ore from the mine along the ridge of Copper Mountain to the top of the aerial tram which delivers it down to the ore bins right above the smelter. From the bins it is conducted by chutes into the furnace.

One hundred and fifty men are employed in the smelter and mines. At present the ore is taken from Indiana claim, the ore body of which has been stripped for over 250 feet. The ore from this mine is a greenish carbonate and is extremely rich, some carrying as high as thirty per cent of copper. All experts who have seen this mine declare that it will become a second Hecla.

H. W. Mellen is president and manager of this company, D. D. Stewart, foreman of the mines, and C. W. Fuller is foreman of the smelter. Maj. R. W. A. Simmon, the eastern representative, accompanied by his wife, was present when the smelter was blown in.

Besides their property at Copper Mountain, the company has leased the Rush & Brown property at Kasan Bay, and the ship Richard III loading 700 tons at that place for shipment to the smelter. —Ketchikan Journal.

Council Meeting.

The Wrangell council met and was called to order at 8:30 p. m. Wednesday, August 3, and there were present E. P. Lynch, G. V. Carson, W. E. Lloyd, L. J. Cole, and Mayor Peter Jensen.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

A letter from the Council City Improvement Club, soliciting the cooperation of Wrangell and other Alaska towns in an endeavor to secure direct representation in congress for this district was read and discussed, and resolutions to that end were adopted.

Notice was read from Supt. Kelly, relative to the furniture for the school building was read and ordered filed.

A letter was read from Attorney Jennings of Juneau, stating that an extension of the boundaries of Wrangell would require an act of congress.

Notices were ordered posted, warning the public against the use of North Steiken Avenue until same could be rebuilt or repaired.

The committee on school building was authorized to make such improvements about the building and grounds as were deemed necessary.

L. M. Churchill was appointed town assessor for one term.

The following bills were read and allowed after which the council adjourned.

Willson & Sylvester Mill Co. \$30.00

W. E. L. & P. Co. 15.00

St. Michael Trading Co. 2.50

Total \$47.50

Hats Clothing Caps Boots Shoes

Dry Goods, Oiled Clothing,

Gum Boots, Groceries,

Hardware, Tinware,

Fresh Fruits in Season,

All at Lowest Prices

Headquarters for Camping, Fishing, Prospecting and Mining Outfits

THE CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

WRANGELL

ALASKA



AGENTS FOR

Hercules Powder.

AGENTS FOR

UNION Gas Engine.

St. Michael Trading Co.

Wrangell, Alaska.

Alaska's Magazine.

Bright, Crispy, Energetic,

Devoted entirely to Alaska and its Wonderful Resources. The July number is now in the press, and will soon be ready for distribution.

Just the thing to Send East.

Secure and order it from your Local News Dealer.



Milligan-Burns Nuptials.

At precisely 8:38 Wednesday evening,

August 2, Rev. H. P. Corser pronounced the words which joined in holy matrimony our highly esteemed townsman

Lauros Milligan and Miss Nina Burns, who arrived at this port on the Jefferson

Wednesday morning. The cozy church was well filled when Miss Burns came up the aisle on the arm of Mr. Bennett,

marking the strains of the wedding march from Tannhauser, beautifully rendered on the organ by Mrs. Collins. At

the altar the bride-elect was met by the groom, and then the words were spoken which made them man and wife.

After this ceremony the newly-wedded couple went to the little home on the hill amid a shower of rice, etc., where a surprise awaited them in the nature of a reception, planned and arranged by the town ladies. Several hours were pleasantly passed in getting acquainted, a delicate lunch was served, and the citizens rejoiced to their homes, wishing the young folks a successful life.

Mr. Milligan, the groom, is a young man of character and integrity, who, by his honesty and straightforward manner of doing business has made friends of all with whom he has come in contact.

The bride is a highly accomplished young lady, and will be a valuable addition to social circles in Wrangell. Several friends in wishing this worthy young couple bon voyage upon the matrimonial sea. The young folks were the recipients of many useful and valuable gifts.

Floyd Fellows, away up in Alaska, where paper and envelopes are scarce and sometimes not to be bought for love nor money, never misses a chance to write to his parents in McMinville, and he can not get paper he uses the next best thing. A few days ago Mr. and Mrs. Fellows received an envelope made of bark, containing a letter written on bark. Floyd made the bark paper within. The envelope came through the long trip in good shape. —McMinville, Oregon, News-Reporter. The writer of the foregoing article should read up and get better posted. If he would do so, he could find out that paper, envelopes, or anything in that line can be procured in any part of Alaska. Floyd Fellows did not write on bark on account of an inability to secure paper, but to show the product of originality and energy caused by getting out of the lazy atmosphere from which he came into the pure and invigorating climate of Alaska.

Monday morning a thin column of white smoke was seen coming around Elephant's nose, and in a very few minutes the boat from which the smoke was issuing was recognized as the Peerless, which was brought here to attend to the increased mail, passenger and freight business between Wrangell and the west coast. Several patriotic citizens were soon out on the wharf and Capt. Orr landed his neat little steamer amid a din of cheers and bursting cannon crackers. The Peerless left Seattle July 26, and as she only had a single crew aboard, traveled only by day, anchoring nights. The new boat is eighty feet long over all, fifteen feet beam, and has a carrying capacity of about fifty tons. Some additions will be made to the cabins, and she will then be prepared for any emergency. No time was lost in getting her loaded, and she left out for the west coast the same day as her arrival.

The Record-Miner of August 4, says that "Uncle Dick" Harris, who, with Joe Juneau, founded the town (now city) of Juneau, has lost his mind as a result of blindness and partial paralysis, and the paper appeals to the citizens in the unfortunate old man's behalf to keep him from being sent to the sanatorium.

Bishop Rowe, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was here last week and confirmed Margaret and Frederick Brinson and incidentally looked into the matter of establishing a branch of the Church at Wrangell.

Tuesday of last week was a busy day for wharfman Robert Reid. At about 7:00 a. m. the Dirigo left after discharging a hundred tons of coal; the Cottage City arrived and laid at the dock several hours, allowing her passengers to take in the town; shortly after her departure the Alki, loaded with dynamite, gasoline, etc., landed and left a quantity of gasoline, and was closely followed by the Jefferson, which laid here for one hour while her passengers looked over the town. This is rather an unusual occurrence, and it proves that Wrangell is not to be overlooked.

A party of big game hunters, consisting of Dr. A. C. Fales, and Mr. B. T. Lowden, of Boston, Mass., and Mr. W. A. Jones of Chicago, Ill., arrived early Tuesday morning on the City of Seattle. They are bound for Telegraph Creek, and will go up the Sitka river by canoe. Upon their arrival a fair graph. Creek they will be outfitted by the Hudson Bay Co. with horses, guides, etc., and will push into the interior and through the mountains which will afford the greatest possibilities for big game. Mr. Jones, a great deal of experience in the line of big game, having hunted extensively in most of the big game districts of the United States, as well as in the provinces of Canada, including New Brunswick and New Foundland. Mr. Jones has also hunted and traveled extensively in Old Mexico, Mr. Lowden, while not a practical hunter, has had a number of years experience in Canada, in ranching and as a cowboy. They are thoroughly equipped with the most modern arms and everything that a sportsman would require. Their trip this time to Alaska is in search of Grizzly bear, Mountain Sheep, and goats, and should they be successful in bagging these, they will place to their credit about all the kinds of big game that can fall to an American sportsman's rifle.

On the last trip of the Dirigo to this section the vessel was piloted by Captain Roberts, an old timer in Alaskan waters. Capt. Roberts came to Alaska at the same time as did our townsman Robert Reid, and remarked at the great change which has taken place since that time.

The Cottage City last week took back to the marine barracks at Sitka, Serg. Lang, who had been to Bremerton with two marines who had deserted the Chicago on her recent visit to Sitka, and had been captured and sentenced to a term in prison.

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Capt. Nord of the Jefferson, was last week the recipient of a beautiful silver loving cup, the gift of the passengers of his vessel on a recent excursion. Capt. Johnson of the Dolphin, and his subordinate officers were feasted at a Seattle hotel and the captain presented with a beautiful flag.

Captain Miller encloses \$2 from Shelton, Wash., for renewal of subscription to Sentinel, and says: "The news from Wrangell interests me about as much as the Russian-Japanese war, as I want to keep posted on the development of the territory. You can look for me back in Wrangell some time in November."

SENTINEL has just received from the Interior Department, a 285-page report of the U. S. Geological Survey, which is exclusively devoted to methods and costs of gravel and placer mining in Alaska. The report is embellished with numerous illustrations, and is a very interesting and instructive volume.

The contractors for the construction of the new government school building are getting the work fairly well along and if the carpenters are not compelled to lay off for bad weather, the building will be ready for occupancy by the appointed time. The work will be well done, and the building will be substantial in every particular.

F. W. Carlyon returned Sunday from Caribou Crossing, where he has been looking after his mining interests. The mine in which he is interested is known as the Conrad Consolidated, and fifty men are busy engaged constructing a tramway, by which the ore will be shipped from the mine to the lake. 125,000 feet of lumber and twenty-five miles will be used in the construction and operation of the tramway. Mr. C. reports the prospects very bright. He left south on the Cottage City for Portland and other points, expecting to be gone two weeks.

Harry Overman, of Indianapolis, and Dr. Duncan, of Terra Haute, Ind., spent several days at Wrangell this week, and while here, went over to Zarembo with Wm. Brown and Chas. Olson in quest of "mowitch." The party got three deer. Mr. Overman is delighted with Alaska, and intends to return next year for an extended stay.

Harry Malone, the traveling salesman, came up on the Farallon and spent a day or two with our business men.

Philip Haught and a partner, whose name we failed to learn, came in from Zarembo last Saturday with nine large deer which they had shot from their boat in a cruise around the island.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton returned Monday from an extended trip south.

Dr. Green, the dentist, arrived home Tuesday night.

Little Thor Hofstad was severely bitten Monday by a dog belonging to Jorgen Berg.

The stork called at the home of C. M. Coulter and wife Wednesday last and left a nice baby girl.

Captain Rastad left Saturday with a snow load of lumber from the Wrangell sawmill for Juneau.

A social hop was held at Red Men's hall Saturday night and an enjoyable time was had by all present.

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Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
FRANKLIN, ALASKA.



Baked Fish.
An old-fashioned way of baking fish au gratin has never been improved upon. Skin the fish, starting at the head and drawing towards the tail, cut off the head and take out the backbone. This leaves two large pieces of fish. Prepare a sauce by lightly browning a minced slice of onion in two tablespoonsful of butter. When the butter bubbles, stir in two tablespoonsful of flour and add stock or water to make a creamy compound. Season, and add the juice of half a lemon and half a tablespoonful of minced parsley. Lay the fish on a buttered baking tin and pour the sauce over it. Sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs, put bits of butter over, and bake in a quick oven for about twenty-five minutes. Tomato sauce is recommended with this.

Strawberry Shortcake.
Make the dough as usual. Instead of rolling out and placing on flat tins to bake, roll and then cut out with a large-size biscuit cutter or coffee cup, placing one on another and buttering between as you would the large cakes. When done, have the berries lightly crushed and sugared, pull apart the little cakes, laying the lower halves on a platter, butter and cover with the strawberries, then put on the top parts. Lay some of the finest berries on the tops of the cakes, and sprinkle with sugar. Whipped cream poured over just before serving makes a handsome addition to looks and taste.

French Lettuce.
Have your lettuce crisp and cool; cut it fine; don't chop; for a dish of lettuce enough for six people, boil hard four eggs, and cut them up fine, whites and yolks together; then make a dressing of melted butter the size of an egg, three teaspoonfuls of French white mustard, a couple of teaspoonfuls of sugar; mix thoroughly, and if you like, add a little olive oil; pour into this a half teacup of white wine vinegar, and stir into the eggs; mix lettuce and dressing together, garnish top with slices of hard-boiled egg, and the lettuce is ready to eat.—What to Eat.

Fried Celery.
Wash and scrape the desired number of celery stalks; then cut into pieces four inches long. Cook until tender in salted water. When done remove from the water, drain, and spread to dry in a cool place. When the stalks have become firm dip them into a batter made of one cupful of flour sifted three times, a half teaspoonful of baking powder in it, and wet up with a beaten egg and whatever milk may be required. Fry a golden brown in hot lard.

Roasted Oyster Crackers.
Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a bowl with half a pint of boiling water. When the butter is melted put in a pint and a half of oyster crackers, stirring them well, that all may get a slight coating of the butter and water. Spread the crackers in a shallow pan and put in a hot oven for ten or twelve minutes. They should be brown and glossy at the end of that time. Serve in a deep dish, with oyster soup.

Harvard Snaps.
Mix together one cupful of granulated sugar, one of molasses, one-half cup of butter, a third of a cupful of lard and two eggs; then add a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one teaspoonful of cloves, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-half cupful of hot water, and flour enough to roll out well. Cut into rounds and place in floured tins to bake in a moderate oven.

Home-Made Baking Powder.
Mix one part of bicarbonate of soda to two parts of cream of tartar. Add a teaspoonful of flour to each pint of this mixture. Sift all together six times. Keep this mixture in a close glass jar, never opening it except when some of the powder is to be taken out for use.

Baked Spring Chicken.
Split the chicken down the back, put in a dripping pan without water, and set inside the stove. When half done take out, season with salt, pepper and butter, return to the stove to brown. Boil the liver and gizzard, chop and put in the gravy, to which add butter and a little cracker dust.

Green Pea Soup.
For six persons there will be required one pint of peas, one pint and a half of soup stock, one pint of cream, or milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of minced onion, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two level tablespoonfuls of salt, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of white pepper.

The only living ex-President got equally exciting sport by staying at home and writing an article about woman's clubs.

BIG PORTLAND FAIR.

GREAT EVENT FOR THE PEOPLE OF THE NORTHWEST.

The Course of Empire as Exemplified by the Pacific Coast Show—Exposition Commemorates the Most Important Northwest Explorations.

One hundred years ago the trail to "old Oregon" was blazed by Captain Merriweather Lewis and Lieutenant William Clark, who, commissioned by President Jefferson, explored the great Oregon country. At the end of their exploration there was a fastened at the log walls of old Fort Clatsop, at the mouth of the Lewis River, the following notice:

"The object of this notice is that it may be known to the world that the party who were sent out by the government of the United States to explore the interior of the continent of North America, did penetrate the same by way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers to the discharge of the latter into the Pacific Ocean."

Captain Lewis and Lieutenant Clark, says Four-Track News, organized their expedition into the unknown region, at St. Louis, Mo., and began their voyage in May, 1804, up the "Great Muddy" river with their little band of fifty trappers and voyageurs. When the returning survivors of the party reached St. Louis, J. A. WAREFIELD, on Sept. 23, 1806, they had covered a distance of 8,000 miles, most of it through a veritable wilderness; but they had taken possession of the only part of America which this nation has ever acquired by right of discovery. The Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland celebrates what has been



FACADE OF EUROPEAN BUILDING.

of detail which would enable the average person to see, study and comprehend everything within the time and means that he has at his disposal. To this end there are no monstrosities of architecture to weary the eye and perplex the understanding, no scores of miles of aisles to sap the physical strength from aching limbs, no torrid days and nights to benumb vitality, no dependence upon atmospheric cooperation to secure an adequate return for all effort expended in seeing the fair. The shrewd and competent managers and the generous Oregon climate have provided for all of that.

The main entrance to the exposition grounds is an ornate, circular colonnade of a double row of Ionic columns surmounted by a graceful peristyle with highly ornamental balustrades. On the facade are inscribed the prophetic words, of which the exposition celebrates the fulfillment:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Of the gross area devoted to the exposition proper 180 acres are on the mainland, and sixty acres from a peninsula which extends into Guild's Lake. This lake is a fresh water body 220 acres in extent, separated from the Willamette River by a narrow strip of land. The main exposition buildings occupy the ground bordering on the lake. Eight large exhibit palaces, marvels of convenience and of

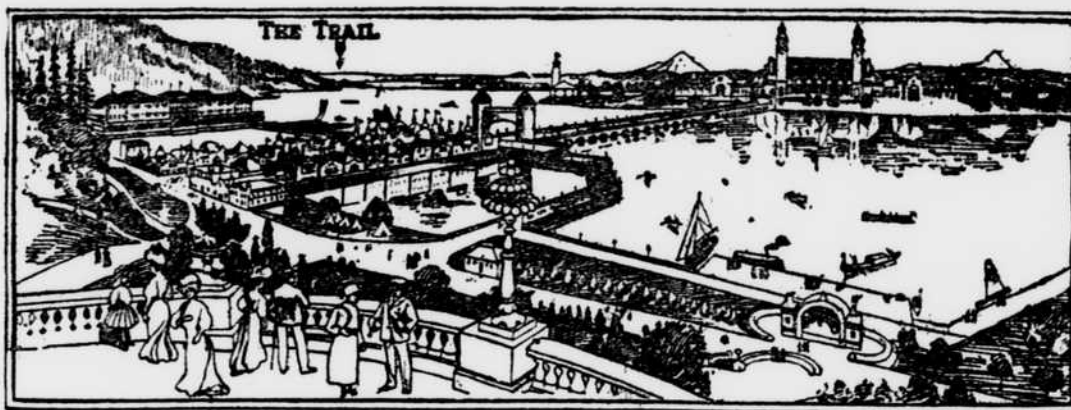
other "moving" exhibits are in the list. Festival Hall, 300x125 feet, has a stage to accommodate 500 persons, and



CORRIDOR IN FORESTRY BUILDING.

will be the meeting place for conventions, musical festivals, and other occasions.

The Administration Buildings are



GENERAL VIEW OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION.

done in developing the resources of the far Northwest since we announced to the rest of the world that it was ours by the notice on the wall of Fort Clatsop.

It is not claimed for the Portland



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

fair that it exceeds all previous exhibitions of a like nature in comprehensiveness of design and magnitude of realization. Its promoters, however, declare that it is the most complete and artistic fair ever held on this or any other continent. First of all, its location is most attractive. Occupying as it does an area of 402 acres adjoining the principal residence section of Portland, on gentle slopes and verdant terraces overlooking Guild's Lake and the Willamette River, with the snow-capped peaks of Mount Hood and Mount St. Helens rising like gigantic sentinels in the distance, the site includes a wealth of natural features hitherto unattained in exposition building.

It has been the universal criticism of visitors to former expositions that the vastness and attempt to be exhaustive have made a full appreciation impossible. This testimony has



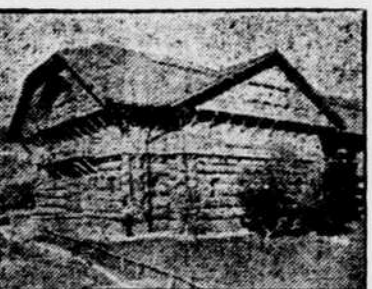
SQUAWS MAKING BASKETS.

been influential with the managers of the Portland fair in determining them to secure for the Portland event a degree of compactness and concentration

great architectural symmetry, form the principal scheme. These structures are dedicated respectively to agriculture, liberal and industrial arts, foreign exhibits, forestry, fine arts, mines and metallurgy, territorial building and machinery and electricity and transportation. Around these main buildings on the outer edge cluster the State, Territorial and other and minor pavilions. The Administration Building, which contains the executive offices of the fair association, is situated at one end of the beautiful colonnade entrance.

Elaborate displays in attractive buildings held the attention of thousands of opening day visitors. The European exhibits building, which is separated from the agriculture palace by the Sunken Gardens of Columbia Court, helps to make the plaza pleasing to the eye. In the center is a huge tower, which contains a roof garden, where visitors have luncheon while gazing at the throng in the building, hundreds of feet below.

The exhibits represent every country in Europe and embrace art, science and industry. The oriental exhibits



FORESTRY BUILDING.

building attracted probably the largest crowds. Japan has a fine display, and China, India, the East Indies, Ceylon and others are competing. The building is of classical design, with 40,000 feet of floor space.

The government has five buildings, grouped in a peninsula extending into Guild's Lake. These house the fisheries, territorial and irrigation, war, navy, mint, and a dozen other exhibits.

The Transportation Building, "a big thing for the coast," has among its exhibits the first locomotive used in Oregon, an engine thirteen feet long and seven wide.

The Manufacturers' Building, which also houses the liberal arts and varied industries exhibits, has 90,000 square feet of space and holds the displays of hundreds of the leading manufacturers of the country. A working stove factory, cloth factory, knife shop, and

two structures connected with a colonnade, on which is inscribed "Westward the Course of Empire Takes its Way." An entrance is at this colonnade. The Agriculture Building, the largest on the grounds, is 400x210 feet. The wonderful fruit of the coast States is there in abundance, amazing eastern visitors.

The Forestry Building, the most original of all, is 200x105 feet, made entirely of huge logs, five and six feet in diameter. Two miles of them were required, with eight miles of poles. It is a "star feature" of the show.

THE LATE WILLIAM ZIEGLER.
Noted Millionaire and Promoter of Arctic Exploration.

William Ziegler, millionaire and promoter of Arctic exploration, died at his country home near Noroton, Conn., the other day. All his life he took a deep interest in north polar exploration and four years ago he financed an expedition which was conducted to the far north, in search of the pole, by Evelyn B. Baldwin. Baldwin failed, but that did not discourage Mr. Ziegler. The latter at once turned to the refitting of another expedition and that expedition, led by Anthony Fiola, of Brooklyn, is now in the Arctic.

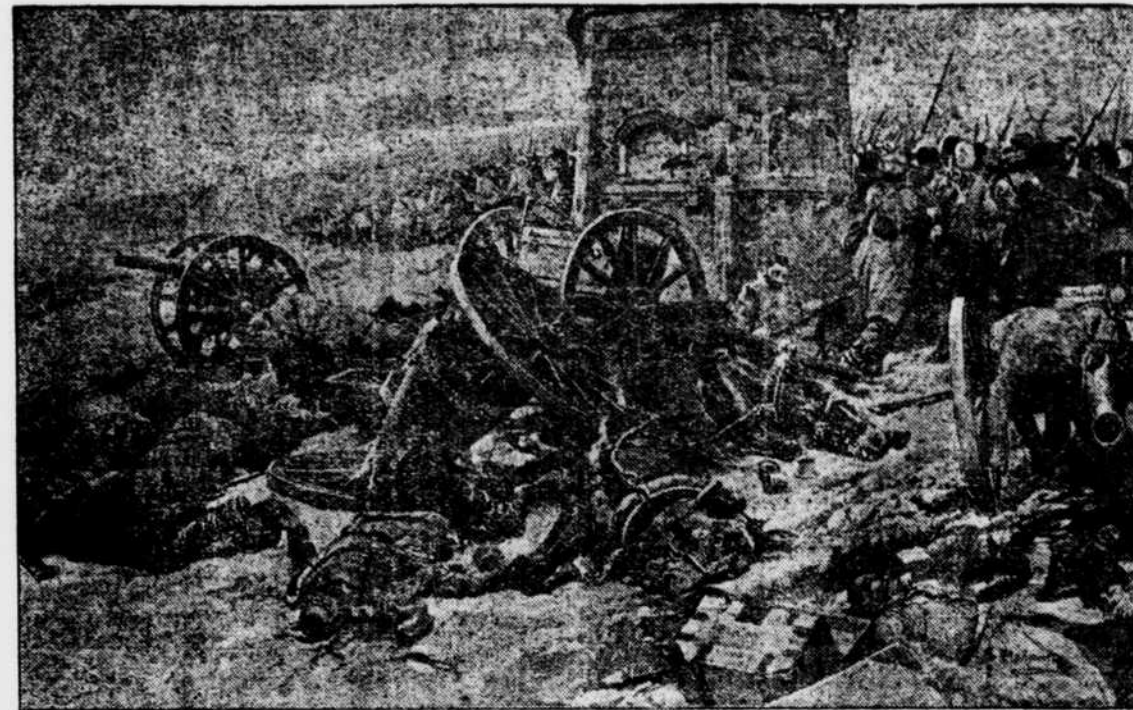
Mr. Ziegler was a native of Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1843. Early in his career he was a printer, but in 1870 engaged in the baking powder business and rapidly accumulated millions. For many years he lived in New York and was a heavy dealer in real estate.

Mr. Ziegler's death was due to a runaway accident in which he was injured. He had been an invalid since, his injuries having been internal and beyond the reach of successful medical treatment. He is survived by his wife and one son.

Economy in Affliction.
General O. O. Howard, the famous soldier, shortly after the battle of Fair Oaks, in which he had lost his right arm, met General Kearney, who had lost his left arm in the same battle. "Never mind, Howard," said Kearney, "we will buy our gloves at the same shop!"

A Clerical Complaint.
"What's the matter with yer meenister, Mrs. Macfarlane?" "Weel, I'm no richt shair, but I heard the headie say it wis pulpitation o' the heart!"

THE RETREAT FROM MUKDEN.



MOTHERHOOD.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging at their
gown;
Or that the footsteps, when the days are
wet,
Are ever black enough to make them
frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
A cap or jacket on my chamber door,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once
more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the
sky,
There is no woman in God's world could
say

She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never ruffled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has
 flown;

The little boy I used to love is dead.

But now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I bore the badge of mother-
hood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
My little child, who brought me only
grief.

—Mary Clemmer Ames.

THE HARDCASTLE TWINS.

WELL, May darling, what is to be done? Uncle Jim has come to life again. He is apparently married, and is the proud father of twin boys. So my chances of inheriting are—

And Eric Strachan gave a half choke, and looked at Malsie, and the girl looked first at him and then away from him, and her beautiful eyes were clouded.

"And next week we were going to ask the courts to be allowed to presume your uncle's death, and you would have slipped into title and estates, and—oh, Eric! What a man Lord Hardcastle is, dead one minute and alive the next!"

"What you might call unreliable," said Eric dryly.

In early youth Lord Hardcastle had had a disappointment in love, and, though anyone who knew him would have thought him the last man in the world to have taken such a matter seriously to heart, he did, for he shut up his house and wandered literally all over the face of creation for many years.

He had no relative living but Eric, and not only was he a bad correspondent, but when his rare and laconic epistles from Canada, Australia or South America did arrive only an average of one word in three was decipherable, for his handwriting was simply abominable.

He had been shot, stabbed, had fallen down a disused shaft or two at the diggings, and been shipwrecked twice, and seemed to thrive upon it; and once he wrote he was suffering from what looked like "galloping consumption," but the consumption either failed to gallop, or the air of the Blue Mountains had cured him, or the bad writing may not have been "consumption" at all; the symbols may have stood for a pain almost anywhere. Seven years before when in England, he had made the acquaintance of his nephew Eric, who was 18; he took a huge fancy to the bright young fellow, gave him a very handsome check, indeed, told him to look upon himself as heir to the Hardcastle estates, and promised he would write to his solicitors to see that Eric had a decent allowance worthy of the heir to thousands, and he had better try for the army, and live well.

When old Hardcastle, leaving a very grateful lad behind him, returned to his hotel, he met a very old crony who was sailing on the following day for the Argentine. Buenos Ayres was one of the few places Jack Hardcastle had not visited, so, forgetting all about his plans for Eric, he said he would come, too. There was no bother about packing, for he had only arrived the day before from Sydney, and had not unpacked yet; so at dawn the next morning this globe-trotter and his crony started for Buenos Ayres, and poor Eric was forgotten. The young fellow was practically alone in the world, and if it had not been for little Malsie, his boyhood's sweetheart, would have refused the fairly good clerkship in

the city which had been offered him, and lived the life of an idle man on the very slender income his parents had left him, and the prospects of help from his rich, eccentric uncle.

They had been married nearly a year now, and two happier people never lived out of paradise; but their income was only a small one, and there were prospects of another little mouth to feed. They had never quite given up hope that in the nick of time the eccentric uncle would turn up like the godmother in the fairy story, and now had come this awful, ill-written letter, saying he had twin boys, and no mention of his wife—he probably forgot to mention she was dead. Malsie spread it out upon the table, and once more deciphered as much as she could, practically spelling out each symbol.

"I'm bringing over my two lovely twin boys; you will be delighted with them; they're the image of Rose (I suppose that is his wife). They yell a good deal at night—all boys do, but you can rig them up out of the way where they will disturb no one."

"Oh, Eric, how can we find room for them all?"

"Twin boys? It looks to me like 'twin frogs.' I never saw such writing. Caesar and Brutus! Did you ever hear such names for children? They're heathen names, too. Awful!"

And then Malsie gave a faint shriek as she looked at the envelope, for it had been posted, not in Sydney, but in London! True to his eccentric instincts, Hardcastle had thought, as he intended to come over, and as the next vessel would carry the mails, including his letter, he might just as well bring the letter over in his pocket and post it in town.

"We must prepare a room for a possible wife and nurse, and we shall want a wee bed for the twins, Eric!" And, quite unconsciously, the little woman glanced toward a wee bed which was being prepared for another little tenant, and there was an expression on her face which made Eric bend over her and kiss her.

They turned out of their own room to make room for Lord and Lady Hardcastle, hired a wee bed, and placed it with a bed for the nurse in the dressing-room. Eric flew out and ordered unheard-of luxuries, and had scarcely returned when a carriage drove up.

Malsie was sitting in the drawing-room, eight feet by eight, trying to look dignified, and Eric himself went to the door. He hesitated for a moment to open it—he had preceded their little servant—and, ere turning the handle, heard:

"You can go back to town, John, or whatever your name is, and take the twins—why, where the devil are the stables?"

Now, there are no stables in Palmyra Villa—far from it. And then Eric opened the door. A little man as brown as a berry, as hard as nails all over, with gray hair and eyes, and an alert look, was Jack Hardcastle. He did not attempt to shake hands. Small as he was, he seemed to fill the narrow hall.

"Well, young man, what have you to say for yourself?"

"I am glad to see you, uncle."

"Of course, of course—only natural; but do you mean to say that on five hundred a year you can't occupy a larger dog-kennel than this?"

"I am only earning two-fifty, uncle."

"Do you mean to say Spooner & Co. are not paying you five hundred a year?"

"No, sir—why should they?"

"Because I told them to, of course—they're my solicitors. I own I forgot I had arranged to grease your wheels a bit for you before I left England last—dear me, that's seven years ago—and when I did think of it—let me see, I was in the Andamans then—I wrote myself—and in my own handwriting, to make sure—and told them to pay you five hundred a year as long as you behaved yourself, and I got a cable back months afterward—I was in Mexico then: 'Five hundred bunches of bananas not arrived. I couldn't understand what they meant—I suppose there was something the matter with my handwriting.'"

Malsie could stand this no longer. She had stopped looking dignified, and was crumpled up with undignified laughter. So she came out and introduced herself, and the little gray man kissed her.

"But you are not alone, uncle?"

"There's only me and the twins."

"But where are Lady Hardcastle and the nurse? I have made all preparations, and am dying to see the twins."

They were in the eight foot by eight now, and Hardcastle seated, looked blankly at his hosts.

"Do you know, my dear," he said, "I'm bothered if I know what you're talking about. I was never married, and never shall be, and I do not require the services of a nurse."

"But your twin boys?" And she produced his letter.

"Twin boys?" he gasped. "Twin dogs! Poor old Rosie only had two, so we called them the twins, and they've taken every prize down under," and he was purple.

And then he went to the front door, and in stalked two huge British bulldogs.

They had been settled at Hardcastle House for some little time, for Eric had been ordered to throw up his clerkship, which he did with alacrity—when Malsie heard sounds of mirth proceeding from the day nursery, and quietly went upstairs.

She found her first-born on the knee of Lord Hardcastle, and Lord Hardcastle was giving the first-born a writing lesson.—The Gentlewoman.

HUMBLE, BUT IMPORTANT.

Alvey Adeed Considered Well Nigh Indispensable at Washington.

When Alvey Adeed, Second Assistant Secretary of State, sailed for Europe the other day there was no mention

of it in the papers, says a Washington correspondent. Most folks don't know who Mr. Adeed is and many editors are equally ignorant. He is one of the most interesting figures at the national capital and is the one

man who is considered indispensable, and changing administrations in no way affect him.

Is there a treaty to be framed whose language must be such as to bind another nation in toils which it can not loosen and at the same time inflict upon the United States no obligation that will rise to harass her in the future? It is to Mr. Adeed that the task is assigned. Is there an international representation in the form of a circular note to the powers of the world, a note which will become history and mark an epoch in the foreign relations of the United States? Mr. Adeed is given the line to be followed, and it is in his phrases that the powers will learn our attitude. Is some great international question pending which threatens to draw the United States into world politics and will force this country to a declaration of its attitude? Mr. Adeed will in a few hours give the precedents which have guided the government since its foundation. Is the government about to take an important step in any relation with foreign powers? To Mr. Adeed the proposition involved will be submitted and its every ramification will be studied out with probable resultant effects, just as another man might figure out as many as twelve or thirteen moves in a chess game.

He is 60 years old and has been in the service of the State Department thirty-five years. As a linguist he has no equal in his department. He acquires the grammar of languages in his office and every year he makes a tour abroad, in which he learns the accent that distinguishes him from the average tourist.

Hard to Forget.

Mrs. Snooks—Do you notice Mrs. Newrich always says "hello" instead of "how do you do" when one meets her?

Mrs. Brooks—Yes, she used to be a telephone girl and can't get over the habit.—Detroit Free Press.

Slightly Paradoxical.

He—I see that that man Atkinson now says a woman can live on \$225 a year.

She—Did he? Well, perhaps she can if she's willing to kill herself doing it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

We suppose that children with a step-mother must feel like the incubator chickens.

ORIGIN OF "STAR ROUTE."

Few People Know What Expression Really Means.

How many persons in this country know what a "star route" is? The words are used many times a day and yet there is not 1 per cent of the people who use the expression who could tell its origin or meaning.

Some explanations have been made that the special method of transporting the mails over certain sections of the country was first operated by a mysterious "Mr. Star," of obscure origin, says the Washington Star, and that since that time the service has borne his name. A search of the records of the postoffice department at Washington, however, fails to reveal his name or to bring to light any person of similar cognomen who had a hand in operating this widespread business, which is almost as old as the postal service and quite as indispensable.

People who have not the slightest idea what the phrase means speak with gibberish of "star routes" and wonder where the next one will be put in operation and whether its installation will mark the fall of a postoffice or if a rural free delivery will soon supersede both.

Inquiry at the postoffice department has unearthed the information that a "star route" is a post route on which the mails are carried under a contract awarded to the lowest bidder tendering sufficient guarantees of performing his duties faithfully. No other reference is made to the manner in which the mails should be carried under this contract than that they shall be carried with "certainty, celerity and security."

Prior to 1845 it was the practice of the department to have regard, in some cases, to the mode of transportation, preference being given to bidders who proposed stage or coach service. The act of Congress of March 3, 1845, however, abolished this and provided that it shall be the duty of the postmaster-general to provide for the carrying of the mails by these routes with "certainty, celerity and security."

Bids for such service were thereafter classified as "certainty, celerity and security" bids, from the distinguished words of the statute, and the clerks of the contract division, presumably to avoid writing out the words on the books of the office, soon began to designate them on the route registers by three asterisks, or stars. They thus became known as "star bids," or "star routes," as they are known to-day.

HISTORIC FALLS CHURCH.

House Where Washington Worshipped Now in State of Decay.

One of the old and historic churches of the country is the Falls Church located at the Virginian village of that name and built forty-two years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. In spite of its historical connection and associations it has been permitted to fall into a state of disrepair and unless the decay is soon arrested it will not endure much longer for religious purposes.

The church was built in 1734, enlarged in 1750, and rebuilt as it is at present in 1768. On its vestry rolls stand the famous names of George



THE FALLS CHURCH.

Washington, George Mason and George William Fairfax. Captain Augustine Washington, father of the General, its first vestryman, nominated to the vestry its first rector in 1738, Rev. Charles Green. In addition to the traditional occupation of its grounds as a resting place by a portion of General Braddock's ill-starred troops, and its reported use for military purposes in the revolutionary war, the church also witnessed the scholarly captain, Henry Fairfax, himself a devoted member and restorer of the church, march from its precincts with his Fairfax Volunteers to the Mexican war, his body to be borne back and laid to rest beside its walls. The church served as a hospital during the Civil War, and was also associated with the Spanish war, a large body of troops having encamped near by.

Begging the Question.

A good but visionary man, banished to the Caucasus for his socialistic theories, received a visit there from Hermann Faust and talked a great deal to his guest about the evil of money, and the harm done the human race by civilization.

"I thought you said the visit of your friends had been a comfort to you," remarked Faust.

"So it has been."

"But you forget! How could they come here without money?"

"Very well. They could have walked."

"What! Could Mr. Neave have walked from Australia?"

This upset the thinker's calculations, but in a few moments he concluded:

"No, but he could have begged a passage."

Time Seemed Long.

"I believe you two are bride and groom!" said the lady to a couple she had met recently.

"Oh, no!" said the man; "why, we'll celebrate the third anniversary of our wedding in a little over two years!"—Yonkers Statesman.

OLD Favorites

The Laird o' Cockpen.

His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep;
But favour wi' woadin' was fashions to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
McClissh's ne daughter o' Claversha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, an' as guid as new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, an' cock'd his hat,
An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, an' rode canny,
An' rapp'd at the rett o' Claversha' Lee;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben;
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine;
"An' wha brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gae'd awa' down.

An' when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low;
An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amaird was the Laird when the lady said na;
An' wi' a laigh curtle she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd was he; nae sigh did he gie,
He mounted his mare—he rode canny;
And aften he thought as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And, now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean, she reflected on what she had said;
"Oh, for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten!
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time the Laird and the lady was seen,
They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the hall like a weel-tappit hen;
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

—Lady Nairne.

Success.
Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple host
Who took the flag to-day
Can tell the definition
So clear of victory.

As he, defeated, dying,
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Break, agonized and clear.
—Emily Dickinson.

URGES DEER AS FARM PRODUCT

Texas Farmer Raises Animals and Finds Them Profitable.

"Raise deer and live at home. Plant a few acres of fawns and watch them grow; observe their antics and note their beauty from day to day, and you will become a deer enthusiast. You will quit cotton and become a deer culturist."

This is the advice of R. H. Harris, who, with his brother, J. M. Harris, has a beautiful park on their farm near this city, which park is stocked with deer, says a Clarksville (Texas) special to the Galveston News. There are twenty of these beautiful animals in the Messrs. Harris' collection, and they are an attractive sight. The young ones are never still except when asleep, and they are not heavy sleepers. Their gambols would amuse a stork, and they are a delight to all persons who see them.

"About three years ago my brother and I secured six deer and placed them in our park, which is a shady grove adjacent to our old homestead," said Mr. Harris. "The increase in the three years has been far beyond our expectations. We have used several on our table, and at this time have twenty, all from the original stock of six. In addition to this we have given away and shipped many others to different parts of the country, one as far away as New York State. The deer bear two fawns every year. We find the young ones born in captivity very docile and healthy. We have never lost one from sickness. They subsist on less food than any other animal of their size, and will eat almost anything that is edible, such as cotton seed, corn, peas, bran, potatoes, etc. It costs about 10 cents to feed a deer, as they are good rustlers and munch anything in the way of vegetation.

"The deer is fast disappearing from the woods, and unless they are domesticated and bred like other classes of live stock they will disappear, like the buffalo and the mastodon and the sculliooose."

"What is a sculliooose, Mr. Harris?" asked the correspondent.

"Why, a sculliooose is—but what's

the use of describing a sculliooose when they are all dead?"

The correspondent agreed that there was no use talking about an extinct species, and brought the conversation back to deer.

"I would strongly urge every farmer who is prepared to take care of a bunch of deer to begin a herd and grow a few every year. No other animal pays so large a dividend, considering the small expense and trouble of keeping the deer. They will thrive in any woods lot and a six-foot fence will retain them. They live to a great age; the does breed regularly twice a year, and they are uniformly healthy. The meat is easily kept and is the most delicious for table use that man can treat himself to. It is a king's dish when fresh, and dried venison is recognized as a luxury by all epicureans. The horns make beautiful ornaments. The skins are valuable and the milk of deer is the sweetest and richest of any."

"In fact," concluded Mr. Harris, "I am a deer enthusiast, and I wish more farmers would diversify to the extent of raising deer for their own tables and the markets. I have none for sale, understand, and have no other interest in these beautiful animals than my love for them—to look at and to eat."

GOLD FROM SEA WATER.

Experiments Prove that Briny Deep Is a Great Treasure House.

It has long been asserted that gold exists in a state of solution in the sea, and that in the many attempts to extract it some has been collected and precipitated, but it is admitted that failure has attended every effort at extraction on a commercial basis. The announcement is now made, however, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, that a new process has received the sanction of no less a person than Sir William Ramsay, professor of chemistry in University College, London, officer of the French Legion of Honor, corresponding members of the Institute of France, member of scientific and philosophical societies in nearly every civilized country, and the author of numerous scientific papers and treatises.

The new process is patented, but no further description of it is given than that it "bears a certain resemblance to the treatment adopted in the mines of the Witwatersrand" (South Africa).

It is said that a syndicate, whose title and address are not given, has been quietly picking up favorable sites on the English and Irish coasts, and has now acquired rights over some 50 miles of foreshore. The securing of extensive foreshore rights is necessary because the sea water must be absolutely pure to obtain the best results from the new process. Therefore, factories and pumping stations must be established well out of reach of passing steamers, the bilge water from which would contaminate the surrounding sea and derange the process of extraction.

Some forty years ago active experiments began which showed that gold in minute quantities was dissolved in many rivers and streams and later on a measurement of gold in sea water placed the amount at about a grain in each ton of the water. A grain of gold being worth about 4 cents and the tons of water in the ocean being placed at 90,000,000,000,000, it staggers the mind to attempt to compute in dollars the prodigious total value of the gold in the ocean.

Should the new process do all that its friends sanguinely claim for it, gold would almost become a drug on the market; but it is considerably remarked that "it would obviously not serve the interests of the syndicate to secure gold in greater quantities than the market could absorb. Moreover the firm of financiers whom we believe to be mainly concerned in the developments is far too deeply involved in high finance to engage in any operations which would have an unsettling effect upon the currency."

The Wonderful Tibetans.

If another nationality were needed to round out and complete the British "family"—something resembling the English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, but a compromise between their various qualities—it is suggested that such a nation has been brought to light in the Tibetans, who seem to combine all the traits that have made the British nation what it is.

They are, first, exceedingly devout in religion; they appear to be remarkable business men, hard-headed as any Scotsman, having a keen eye for openings, and drive hard bargains; and they are said to be as full of humorous sentiment as the wildest of Irishmen.

They celebrated Christmas last year, and took to the festival as to the manner born. A company of them, attired in the most grotesque costumes, paraded under the leadership of a white-bearded old man, representing Father Christmas, and danced to weird, inharmonious music in the happy fashion. They made fun of great dignitaries, and even of one who was dressed up as the Emperor of China.

A delightful people they appear to be, and Lassa, too, seems to be full of reminders of the right little, tight little island. Mr. Millington, the author of "To Lassa at Last," says he saw in the shops looking-glasses made in Austria, penknives made in Germany, and a certain popular type of English bicycle.

Think It Over.

"De man dat has real good information," said Uncle Eben, "is generally too busy profitin' by his own knowledge to stann' aroun' givin' advice."—Washington Star.

Everybody claims that his thunderbolts come out of a clear blue sky.

Scrape perfectly lean beef to pulp, mince, put in a pan with salt, pepper, one tablespoonful of water, two table-spoonfuls of rich cream, butter the size of an egg. Cook two minutes, stirring constantly. Add one tablespoonful of cracker dust, one teaspoonful of made mustard.

For quick baking with a small fire, the sheetiron oven such as is used for gasoline stoves is very convenient set over the two hottest griddles of the range.

Short Suggestions.

One housekeeper says that she uses only the red part of rhubarb for cooking, cutting it up without removing the skin. Instead of stewing it, she bakes it in the oven with sugar and a little water.

To clean tarnished silver mix a teaspoonful of ammonia with half a cup of water and with this dampen some finely powdered whiting, so as to form it into a paste. Apply this to the silver with a leather, rubbing it well. Use another leather to remove the whiting and to give a final polish.

An official of the Egyptian government has been in Philadelphia looking at lightning rods. It seems the climate of the Nile Valley has so changed that lightning threatens the pyramids. The decoration of those ancient piles with lightning rods would certainly give them an odd appearance.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Better than Antifat.

Wiggins—Blowitz, the pugilist, lost 130 pounds of flesh while training for his last fight.

Snoozem—Get out! What are you trying to give me, anyway?

Wiggins—Straight goods. His wife eloped with one of his trainers.

ITS Permanently Cured. No more nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Kidney Remedy. Send for Free 62 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. King, Ltd., 391 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal were brought into Philadelphia, in 1803, the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff; but, at length, disgusted they broke it up and made a walk of it." Fourteen years later, Col. George Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagonloads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretences.

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

Odds and Ends.

Bishop Potter has written a book on temperance.

Gov. Hanly of Indiana maintains that he never saw the inside of a saloon.

Postmaster General Cortelyou is one of the finest amateur pianists in the United States.

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

Pineapple Relais.

Into a cupful of boiling water stir one-fourth cupful of butter, a pinch of salt and one cupful of finely sifted flour. Stir briskly until the paste masses; then allow it to cool and add four eggs, beating one in at a time. Drop in long strips on buttered tins, and bake in a moderately hot oven until puffed up, leaving the oven door open for a little while before removing, so that they may not fall. When cold, split one side and fill with chopped pineapple. Ice the top surface.

Railroad Rate Legislation.

Testifying before the senate committee at Washington, Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty said in discussing the proposition to give to that commission the power to regulate railway rates:

"I think the railways should make their own rates. I think they should be allowed to develop their own business. I have never advocated any law, and I am not now in favor of any law, which would put the rate making power into the hands of any commission or court. While it may be necessary to do that some time, while that is done in some states at the present time, while it is done in some countries, I am opposed to it. . . . The railway rate is property. It is all the property that the railway has got. The rest of its property is not good for anything unless it can charge a rate. Now it has always seemed to me that when a rate was fixed, if that rate was an unreasonable rate, it deprives the railroad company of its property; it is not necessary that you should confiscate the property of a railroad; it is not necessary that you should say that it shall not earn three per cent or four per cent. When you put in a rate that is inherently unreasonable, you have deprived that company of its rights, of its property, and the circuit court of the United States has jurisdiction under the Fourteenth amendment to restrain that. . . . I have looked at these cases a great many times, and I can only come to the conclusion that a railroad company is entitled to charge a fair and reasonable rate, and if any order of a commission, if any statute of a state legislature takes away that rate, the Fourteenth amendment protects the railway company."

An Infant Terrible.

The King of Spain in his baby days obtained considerable renown as a most original infant terrible. On one occasion, when accompanying his royal mother on a morning walk in the courts and gardens, they paused at the reading room of the officials. "How many papers do you read every day?" inquired the queen of one. "Perhaps seven or eight," was the reply. "Ah, that is not so much! I read ten every day," said the queen. His little majesty pulled her sleeve impulsively. "No, no, mamma, you don't read them," he corrected; "you only look at them!"

Time Enough Yet.

"You really don't intend to snub her purposely?" exclaimed the Rev. Dr. Goodley.

"I do, indeed," replied his wife.

"But we are told to love our enemies."

"Well, after I've made her my enemy I'll think about loving her."—Philadelphia Press.

Who says dogs are not able to reason?—Ever see a little dog attack a big one? But you have seen a big dog attack a little one many times.

Scrape perfectly lean beef to pulp, mince, put in a pan with salt, pepper, one tablespoonful of water, two table-spoonfuls of rich cream, butter the size of an egg. Cook two minutes, stirring constantly. Add one tablespoonful of cracker dust, one teaspoonful of made mustard.

For quick baking with a small fire, the sheetiron oven such as is used for gasoline stoves is very convenient set over the two hottest griddles of the range.

Short Suggestions.

One housekeeper says that she uses only the red part of rhubarb for cooking, cutting it up without removing the skin. Instead of stewing it, she bakes it in the oven with sugar and a little water.

To clean tarnished silver mix a teaspoonful of ammonia with half a cup of water and with this dampen some finely powdered whiting, so as to form it into a paste. Apply this to the silver with a leather, rubbing it well. Use another leather to remove the whiting and to give a final polish.

An official of the Egyptian government has been in Philadelphia looking at lightning rods. It seems the climate of the Nile Valley has so changed that lightning threatens the pyramids. The decoration of those ancient piles with lightning rods would certainly give them an odd appearance.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Better than Antifat.

Wiggins—Blowitz, the pugilist, lost 130 pounds of flesh while training for his last fight.

Snoozem—Get out! What are you trying to give me, anyway?

Wiggins—Straight goods. His wife eloped with one of his trainers.

ITS Permanently Cured. No more nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Kidney Remedy. Send for Free 62 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. King, Ltd., 391 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal were brought into Philadelphia, in 1803, the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff; but, at length, disgusted they broke it up and made a walk of it." Fourteen years later, Col. George Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagonloads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretences.

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

Odds and Ends.

Bishop Potter has written a book on temperance.

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death was president of the Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association.

She was active in the anti-slavery agitation and Washingtonian temperance movement. During the Civil War she took a leading part in the work of the United States Sanitary Commission. For ten years she was president of the Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union. In the course of her work on the platform she delivered lectures all over this country and in England and Scotland. She also was the author of many books. Her death will be a distinct loss to the causes and principles she so earnestly and forcibly advocated by pen and tongue.

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I have been using Prussian Heave Powders the past eight months and in that time have cured 34 horses of Heaves (4 of Distemper and 9 of Chronic Cough). The Prussian Remedies have gained a great reputation in this section.

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ONE PRICE

ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1905.

Published every Thursday by
A. V. R. SNYDER
Editor and Proprietor.

Entered November 20, 1902, at Wrangell, Alaska, as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Six Months ".....1.25
Three Months "......75

Advertising Rates.
Professional Cards per Month.....\$1.00
Display, per inch per month.....50
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IS GOD'S COUNTRY.

Speaking of Alaska to a correspondent of the New York Times, Congressman Sulzer said: "I go to Alaska every summer, combining business with pleasure. I believe Alaska to be the grandest country on earth—God's country. Seattle owes much to Alaska—more than she can ever repay. Nobody can describe Alaska. Combine all the pictures in nature's art gallery, think of all the wonders in the world, tumble all the mountains, all the snow-capped peaks, all the glaciers, all the gorges, all the valleys, all the cascades, all the torrential streams rushing tumultuously seaward, all together, and you have a faint glimpse of the wonders, the greatness, the glory and the indescribable grandeur of Alaska."

If Americans knew more about Alaska, more about the land of sunshine and glory and promise west of the Rockies, fewer of them would sojourn every summer in Europe. Of course, I am heartily in favor of an Alaskan exposition, being a friend of Alaska and a believer in that country. I will do everything in my power, both in congress and out of it, to forward that enterprise. An Alaska exposition will give the people of the country generally some idea of the wonderful resources and vast possibilities of the great district of Alaska.

In my opinion Alaska will produce more mineral wealth in the next fifty years than any three states of the Union. Nothing could give the people a better idea of the wealth and resources of Alaska than an Alaska exposition held in Seattle.

I think the government and many of the states would contribute toward an exposition, and anything I can do to make it a success will be done cheerfully. Of course you know the Jamestown exposition will be held in 1907, and I would say that the Alaska exposition should be held in Seattle in 1909.

SHOOT THE HAT.

"For some reason Juneau cannot get counted; that is, Editor Frame says that three hundred too many are on the list, or to be explicit, 297, as he dug up three more—a Jap, a man in jail and another in the hospital with a sore leg. And this all comes out to determine whether or not liquor licenses shall be \$1,000 or \$1,500."—Wrangell Sentinel.

There is no trouble about the count. The whole trouble arises over the meaning of the word "resident." And inasmuch as \$1,000 is the limit for a liquor license in Alaska, would Wrangell business men wish to have Ball, the murderer, and 299 others counted simply because they were confined in the jail at Wrangell, or because they left an old hat there in 1881? The population of Juneau is about eleven or twenty-five hundred—all owing to how old the hat is.—Juneau Transcript.

Agriculture looms up as the industry employing millions and some imagine it exceeds anything else in making the country great and prosperous. This is not so. Manufacturing is the line of greatest development. Its possibilities are seemingly without end. It is the marvel of marvels. Where do the manufacturers get customers for the endless variety of productions turned out by the countless factories? In a year goods to the value of \$15,000,000,000 are made and sold. The civilized world is ransacked for a market, beside what is taken

here and in the islands tributary to us. Agriculture brings to its coffers \$5,000,000,000—one third of what manufacturing yields. In this are not counted what the mines, the forest or the fisheries contribute to business. These approximate, in order, \$1,200,000,000, \$566,000,000 and \$60,000,000. The manufacturers pay out over \$8,000,000,000 for raw materials and \$3,000,000,000 in wages and employ 6,000,000 hands. Agriculture keeps almost as many busy, but the wages earned are a great deal smaller. The first 80 years of the republic gave the farmer the supremacy. The last 45 have seen the factoryman overtake and pass the tiller of the soil. And every year will see the difference between the two enlarged in favor of the indoor workman.

We draw a mental picture of grey-haired parents, wringing their hands, rocking to and fro in the throes of anguish, grief-stricken, possibly shrieking over the loss of a son, and praying that life be returned to the body lying chilled in death at a San Diego morgue; of sisters stumbling about like things, not like human beings, like things bereft of their senses, their eyes swollen from crying, their faces blank, utterly unable to comprehend the horror of the calamity that has been visited upon them. The son, the light of the mother's eyes, the boy of whom she was so proud in his suit of blue, in his jersey with its great flowing collar and the trousers with the odd baggy legs, is dead. The cherished hope of a future meeting, of holding her boy in her arms and giving him a motherly hug is blighted. The boy is dead. She may never see him more, is even denied the privilege of looking upon his placid features. But it is better so. The horror of death is sufficient. Cruel, scalding steam has removed all semblance of a human being from the face of the loved son. To these, the mothers, the fathers, the sisters and the brothers of the Bennington's dead crew do we extend our sincere sympathy, and to the lads who now lie pitching and tossing on beds of pain and to their more fortunate comrades who are plunged into profound sorrow over the loss of their fellows.

President Roosevelt's appointment of a committee to investigate all the executive branches of the government with a view to placing them on a modern business basis promises to create a revolution at the capital where red tape has been supreme and precedent unchallenged from time immemorial. The committee consists of representatives of the various departments and its instruction is to "find out." It is evident that the President has learned enough about the running of the government machinery to convince him that there is an abundance of waste and extravagance. It is current talk that there are thousands of people on Uncle Sam's payroll who do little else than draw their breath as a warrant for drawing their salaries. The President could take up no subject that is nearer the people than this one, and the time is especially opportune when our expenditures are exceeding the receipts by millions.

If you toot your little tooter, and then lay aside your horn, there's not a soul in ten short days will know that you was born. The man who gathers pumpkins is the man who plows all day, and the man who keeps a humping is the man who makes it pay. The man who advertises with short and sudden jerks, is the man who blames the

editor because it doesn't work. The man who gets the business has a long and steady pull and keeps his trade and paper from year to year quite full. He plans his advertisements in a thoughtful, honest way, and keeps forever at it until he makes it pay. He has faith in all the future, can withstand a bankrupt shock, and like the man of scripture has his business on a rock.—Exchange.

The 100 medics with their wives, et al., arrived on the steamer Jefferson, Monday, on their return down the "tail of Alaska." This was by far the most intellectual consignment of tourists that we have ever seen in Alaska. It is a great pleasure to Alaskans to meet with people from the states who have enough intelligence concerning this great country to be entertaining in their conversation. They were extraordinarily inquisitive, but every question evidenced the fact that they had heard of Alaska, and were up here to further satisfy their curiosity by seeing. Nearly every state in the Union was represented, and it was a little "world's fair" on the steamer. The weather was fine and Doc, said to Doc, "doesn't this beat anything you ever saw?"—Transcript.

There came near being words between the captains of the Al-ki and Jefferson when they landed here last week. The Al-ki, loaded with dynamite was moored at the wharf, when, not seeing the powder flag displayed, the Jefferson made a landing alongside the Al-ki. After some parleying the Jefferson's commander discovered what the Al-ki's cargo was and promptly took his vessel out into the bay, landing again at the wharf immediately after the departure of the Al-ki.

Editor Russell of the Juneau Dispatch was a caller at this office Tuesday of last week.

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General Hardware

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WRANGELL, ALASKA.

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Why not write on the
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